

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: DAVID E. SMILEY, Editor; JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager...

mer Austria-Hungary experienced life rather than destruction when the iniquitous old government fell. It looks as though the Italian peace commissioner's frankness has rather exceeded his intentions. What is actually deducible from his statement is that it was once entirely proper for Fiume to be the outlet for the Jugo-Slavia hinterland.

WHO WILL LET LOOSE A THUNDERSTORM OF HONESTY?

If It Comes in Time It Will Clear the Atmosphere for the Charter Hearing Tomorrow

THERE is needed in Philadelphia and Harrisburg just now such a "thunderstorm of honesty" as President Wilson let loose in Paris when he issued his Fiume statement.

The most persistent obstacles in the way of the peace settlement had been raised by the old-fashioned politicians, who were fighting to save their own skins and thought this more important than the broader issues involved in being just to every one, including those to whom they did not want to be just.

Local politicians, actuated by the same motives as the Orlando and Sonninos, are raising all sorts of obstacles in the way of the proper kind of charter revision.

If Orlando can win spoils of war for Italy he does not care what happens to the rest of the world.

If this local leader or that can win political advantage through charter revision he does not care whether the revision is in the interest of home rule or of economy or of efficiency.

Before the Legislature votes on the matter we should like to see some one in a position of authority issue a statement as honest, as clear and as just as that which the President put forth on the Fiume case.

Self-determination for Philadelphia is at stake—not self-determination for one group of politicians or for another, but for the whole people of the city, regardless of the fortunes of any leader. The Legislature is asked to do what it can under the constitution to give us control over our own local affairs and to make it unnecessary to go to Harrisburg for permission to do those things which we want to do.

When the members of the citizens' charter-revision committee go to the state capital tomorrow they are expected to present such convincing arguments in support of the whole program that no legislator who considers the subject on its merits can refrain from voting for the bills.

These bills provide for a smaller Council, for concentration of power in the hands of the Mayor, for penalizing the policeman who takes an active part in politics and for permitting the city to clean its streets and do other public work itself or by contract, as seems best.

Every one of these measures will make it easier for the city to control its own affairs and will give to it some measure of that self-determination which every householder enjoys within his own home.

Whether the contract system is cheaper or not is beside the question at issue. We are asking the Legislature to permit us to decide for ourselves how we want public work to be done. The justice of this request must commend itself to the judgment of every business man in the Legislature, as well as to the judgment of every business man in this city.

The policemen cannot be taken out of politics merely by changing the control of the department from the City Hall to Harrisburg. Such a change involves nothing more than the change of control from one group of politicians to another. It would plant the seeds of factional fights and water them with warm them with the sun of political hate until the police force would be so tangled up with the weeds of political activity that it could not perform its proper functions.

If we have a mayor who insists that the policemen shall be policemen and nothing else, we can take the police out of politics without any change in the laws. The plan proposed by the citizens' committee is the best that has yet been put forth for the reason that it does not leave us at the mercy of an indifferent Mayor. He may appoint the director of public safety, and this official may wink at the political activities of policemen, but the bill permits any citizen to institute proceedings for enforcing the law penalizing political activity of any kind.

It provides home rule for the police and arranges for home enforcement of the laws intended to confine the police to their proper functions.

Such increase of the Mayor's power as is provided for is for the purpose of concentrating authority where it can be seen and where its abuse can be punished. The favorite trick of the politician who wants to put something over on the people is to divide responsibility among as many officers as possible so that when scandals arise the guilty may stand in a circle while each points to the man next to him and says, "He did it."

And the smaller Council commends itself to every man interested primarily in the efficient conduct of the public business rather than in the conservation of his ward political machine. But nobody except the politicians cares what becomes of the ward political machines any more than the people of England care what becomes of Lloyd George's cabinet. The

people want results, and if they do not get them the cabinet must go.

The whole purpose of the citizens' committee is to bring about such changes in the charter as will make it easier for the people of this city to get the results they want when they want them. It is not to trench any politician in power. Nor is it to prevent any other politician from increasing his strength.

Every friend of the movement is in the mood of Colonel Roosevelt when he used to say that he welcomed the support of every one who was willing to fight for the things which he was fighting for. If they were going his way he would be glad to receive them in his company, whatever their motives might be.

The Governor will be in Harrisburg this week. If he chooses he can let loose the same kind of a "thunderstorm of honesty" as the President has precipitated in Europe and can lift himself into the eye of the nation as the champion of democratic self-determination for cities, big and little, throughout the state. He has already committed himself to support of charter revision. Will he go the limit?

CARNIVAL

EARLIER civilizations than ours made the thrill and delight of color a part of everyday life. Some dim suggestion of the ancient atmosphere of carnival flashes back every now and then in such schemes of decoration as Mr. Pennell and his associates planned with perishable material in Broad street south of City Hall for the opening of the present loan campaign. That space looked for a day like something out of the past. Even the street itself, seen from a little distance, might have been of fine mosaic.

The popular reaction to such suggestions as this is always significant. The human consciousness responds with a leap to every similar departure from iron routine. All people want color. They find delight in intervals of happy irresponsibility and relief in any means of escape from the stiff formalism and the harsh restraints that are our common inheritance. They want to be friendly. This is the unrecognized urge that revealed itself in the streets on the night of the armistice. The crowds didn't react to a sense of triumph. They were driven by a desire to be happy and reasonable and to have a natural fling. An opportunity came and they grasped it.

All this sort of thing represents a natural impulse to happiness. It is something that the Art Jury and the Park Commission might think about while their plans for the Parkway are still elastic. The crowds that jammed Broad street dangerously last Monday night and the discomfort and confusion which no police arrangements could prevent in so restricted a space suggested the need for a great open-air gathering place of some sort close to the heart of the city. If any such place could be made on the Parkway there should be color there in plenty and the suggestion of light-heartedness. It might be a place where people could dance or sing or have open-air carnival. It ought to have a colored floor such as Mr. Pennell bravely suggested with paint when he made Broad street appear for a day like a magnificent court borrowed from an old time. In some such surroundings we could now and then forget to be serious. And there the mind could find rest from the panorama of chill and stately architecture that the Parkway will be when finally it is complete.

Don't Ask Us Miss Mary Ingham, chairman of the National Woman's party, which in other words is the militants—intimates plainly that the 14,000,000 enfranchised women in the United States will be expected to cast their ballots for a presidential candidate who seems most favorably disposed toward the Susan B. Anthony amendment. This is good politics, as political maneuverers go. But one may be excused for asking humbly whether there are no other issues as important as suffrage by which the fitness of a new President may be judged.

The Proud Alliance The Germans, the Russians, the Austrians and all their various subdivisions have formed a new alliance that so far has had no proper definition. Suddenly, therefore, we direct the attention of the whole world to the tongue of rations.

He Doesn't Think Villa, whispers a disbelievingly tragically, is missing his troops. Can it be that Francisco has determined to invade Canada by way of the United States?

Waste Words in Mexico The formal rejection of the Monroe Doctrine by Carranza's representatives need not trouble America. Carranza isn't Mexico.

And Their Words? The Germans will dine in Paris at last. And they will eat crow.

Whether or not President Wilson has determination or obstinacy depends on whether you are a friend or opponent of his.

The strong April breezes are said to have prevented the complete destruction of the Pennsylvania fruit crop by the cold snap. It's an ill wind, etc.

Now that Genoa reports her Wilson street, why not the statue to her native son, Columbus? Doesn't he come under the heading of primary causes?

The high prices which German helmets are now bringing here are enough to make their former wearers wish they had gone into business with them instead of into the trenches.

Though the Italians may soon come back to the table, the four months' absence of oysters must be viewed as inevitable. It is said that the breach will occur within forty-eight hours.

The majority of the vanguard of the German peace delegation arriving in Paris were servants, and it looks as though the ranks of the latter would be still more increased when signing day comes around.

The New York club which became involved in a public scandal when it invited 150 aviators to what was not very delicately referred to on the cards as "the greatest social party in history," gave the people who walk something grave to think about.

ITALY'S CLAIMS AS HER HISTORIAN SEES THEM

Ferrero, Defending the Possession of Fiume, Differentiates Between That Question and the Subject of Trieste and Trent

In contrast to the excited generalizations in which Italy's national aspirations are now being voiced are the specific arguments advanced by Prof. Gaetano Ferrero in the following article, which originally appeared in French in the Paris Figaro. The writer, whose remarkable work, "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," has proclaimed him as the most notable historian in his field since Gibbon, has long been a champion of liberal views vividly expressed when he lectured on Milan on nationalism and its dangers. It is significant that in one of his expressed convictions that Fiume should become Italian, he considers the vexed question as lying beyond the subject of the geographical unity which he regards as essential to the fitting destiny of his nation, and that he emphasizes first of all its claims to the Trentino and the Italian Peninsula, which have already been recognized by the Peace Conference.

NATION is a moral unity which seeks to realize, as far as it may be possible, its material unity—geographic, economic and political. If the theory of natural frontiers has been carried too far, it is none the less true that only the possession of natural frontiers can render perfect, sure and definite the historic formation of a nationality. What was has desolated the earth simply because great plains offer, to divide peoples and states, only the ideal lines traced by the strength of men. Now if there is one country in Europe of which nature has made a perfect geographic unity it is Italy. In all Europe, geographers have seen in the Alps the natural frontiers of that peninsula destined to be the first hearth of civilization in Europe.

It can easily be understood, therefore, how Italy came to include among her war ambitions the aim of gathering to herself the northern and eastern crests of the Alps, that is to say, the frontiers which Augustus had assigned to Italy, but which were held in 1914 by the Austrian empire. By advancing to that line and by annexing the Trentino and Istria, Italy would achieve at one and the same time both her geographic and her national unity. She would be, in Europe, the almost perfect model of the nation which should a desire for war seize upon her, must face the greatest difficulties in attacking others, possessing the while the best facilities of defense in case she were attacked by others.

SOMEWHAT outside the question of the geographic boundaries of the peninsula we find the matter of Fiume, which is at this moment exciting Italian opinion in the highest degree. This question thrust itself suddenly upon Italy, and it is not to be wondered at that she should have reacted so violently. Her situation, however, has certain peculiarities which rendered it especially serious. Fiume was not only a self-governing city enjoying in certain privileges; it was also the second port of one of the great powers of Europe and formed part of an empire which had a high cultural rank. For an Italian city, it was indeed inhabited by a people able to claim the right of the first-born among the civilized peoples of Europe, this compensation had a capital importance.

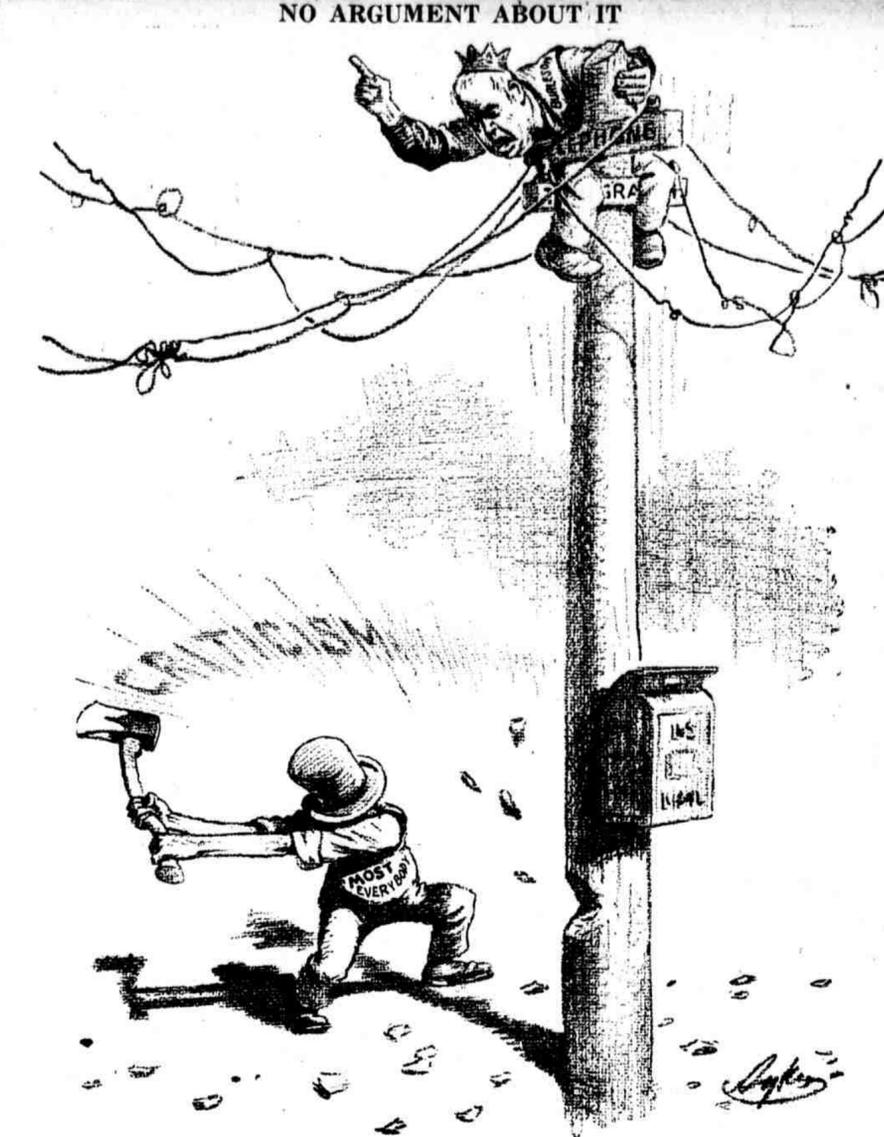
But the Austro-Hungarian empire has disappeared, and from its disappearance is born the question of Fiume. If Fiume had been the property of the Austro-Hungarian empire the town could never have been incorporated, without violence and injustice, into that new Slav state which is rising on the ruins of Austria. The old Italian town would lose its rank and its privileges of self-government; it would pass from one of the great empires and high cultures of Europe to a secondary state, one which will undoubtedly make a brilliant figure in the field of higher culture, but still liable to its entrance to that domain; the town, unable to rejoin those of its own nationality, would again undergo a foreign domination. For Fiume alone, the world war, which is bringing to so many peoples both liberty and a secondary state, one which will undoubtedly make a brilliant figure in the field of higher culture, but still liable to its entrance to that domain; the town, unable to rejoin those of its own nationality, would again undergo a foreign domination.

Italy desires that in all the questions of national aspirations, would appear as a calamity and a disaster. There remains, moreover, the question of the military security of the Adriatic and the Italian towns and centers of Italian life which flower upon the eastern coast, last vestiges of Venetian colonization, Zara, Spalato, Sebenico, etc.

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Such are the foundation stones of the national aspirations of Italy. In order that they may be recognized, the Italian people look above all to President Wilson's high spirit of justice and to the warm friendship of France.

BY HIS disinterested impartiality, President Wilson has been able to dominate, in the role of judge and arbiter, this terrible tragedy of Europe. We hope, therefore, that he will recognize that in all the questions Italy is looking less to the matter of territorial annexation than to the matter of sustaining and bringing to a triumphant conclusion certain cherished principles. Compared with the terrible sacrifices which we have made—500,000 dead, 80,000,000,000 lire spent, our existence disordered for half a century, the political system which Italy objects to, small Fiume, whose fate is the object of the lively anxiety of the entire nation, is only a pretty little town of 45,000 inhabitants. There is no comparison possible between the territorial gains which Italy will make and those which Serbia will attain. But, these territories, such though they be in extent, are symbols to us of certain principles which are vital to the whole world—a complete emancipation of Italian populations from all foreign domination, the achievement of the moral and geographic unity of the nation, the security of frontiers and seas, the possibility of playing a part in the political system which will assure Europe the peace and liberty of all peoples, both great and small. We have willingly borne all the sacrifices necessary to carry to victory in war these very principles; we hope to rejoice in their triumph as far as justice and the safety of western civilization so require us.



THE CHAFFING DISH

Lullaby for an Over-subscribed Quota

ROCKABYE, Quota, here comes the long green; Your over-subscription is plain to be seen. For Mother's taking in hale with a shout, Father is turning his jaws inside out!

HUSHABYE, quota, go on your top! When the total is added, see Glass's eyes pop!

All over the land people shell out their boxes For the last and the best of the Liberty Loans!

They keep telling us that the Germans will defy the Peace Conference, will refuse to sign, etc.

Defy, we hazard, in much the same way that Andy Gump defies Min.

And if you don't know who Andy is—pshaw! what do you buy papers for, anyway?

Mrs. Izaak Walton Writes a Letter to Her Mother

Chancery Lane, London, April 28, 1919

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Matters indeed pass from bad to worse, and I fear one that with Izaak spending all his time angling along riversides and neglecting the millinery shoppe (which is our only support, for can body and soul be kept in one by a few patrician brace of trouts a week?) we shall soon come to a sorry end. How many times, dear Mother, have I bewailed my folly in wedding this creature who seemeth to me more a fish than a man, and nearly by reason of his mad and graveless practice of water-dabbling, but eke for his passion for swimming in barley wine, ale, malmsiey and other insuffering liquors. What manner of company doth this doltard keep on his fishing expeditions, God wot! Lo he is wont to come home at some precious hour of his night, home at some small catch but plentiful room of drinke, and oftentimes also his rhyalde friends do accompany him. Nothing will serve but they must assure our kitchen-maid and have some paltry chubb or gudgeon fried in grease, filling ye house with nauseous odours, and with their ill practice of fishing tackle, not to say the comely milk-pails they have seen along some wanton meadowside, see that I am most distraught. You know, my dear, I never could abide fische being cold clammy creatures, and loe only last nighte where I laye asleeping and wake me from a sweet drowse by dangleing a string of loathsome quassy trouts, still dripping, against my nose, lo, lo, hee, are those not beauties? And his reek of barley wine did file the chamber. Worst of alle, dear Mother, this all-advised wretche doth spend alle his vacant hours in compiling a booke on the art as he calleth it of angling, surely a trifling petty wanton taske that will make him the laughing stocke of all sober men. God forbid that our little son shoulde be brought uppe in this nasty squandering of tyme, which doth breede nought (meese) but ale-bibbing and ye disregard of truth. Oure house, which is but small as thou knowest, is all cluttered with his slimy tackle, and loe but yesterday I loste a customer from ye millinery shoppe, sicee accoring dyt stinke of fische. And sicee if this thyng do continue longer I shall ripp uppe and leave, for I thought to wed a man and not a paddler of ditches. O howe I longe for those happy dayes with thee, before I ever knew such a thyng as a fische existed! Sad too it is that he doth justifie his vain lile wanton pastime by misquoting scriptures, Saint Peter, and soe on. Three kytchen maides have lefte us lately for barbag themselves upon hydden hookes that doe scatter our shelves and drawers.

Thy persecuted daughter, ANNE WALTON.

The German envoys were taken to the Hotel des Reservoirs at Versailles. To cool their heels, we suppose.

Philadelphia in 1830

"The great and most striking contrast between this city and those of Europe is perceived after sunset; scarcely a sound is heard; hardly a voice or a wheel breaks the stillness. The streets are entirely dark, except where a stray lamp marks an hotel or the like; no shops are open, but those of the apothecary, and here and there a cook's shop; scarcely a step is heard, and for a note of music or the sound of mirth I listened in vain. In leaving the theatre I saw not a single carriage. This darkness, this stillness, is so great that I almost felt it awful. As we walked home one fine moonlight evening we remarked that we alone seemed alive in this great city; it was 10 o'clock and a most lovely cool evening, after a burning day, yet all was silence. Regent street, Bond street and still more the Italian boulevard of Paris rose in strong contrast on the memory; the light, which outshines that of day—the ray, graceful, laughing through—the elegant saloons of Teroni, with all their varieties of cooling nestar—were all remembered. Is it an European prejudice to deem that the solitary drama swallowed by the gentlemen on quitting an American theatre indicates a lower and more vicious state of manners than the less so-called 'offered to the ladies on leaving a French one?'—Mrs. Frances Trollope, in 'Domestic Manners of the Americans.'"

It's lucky the newspapers have linotype machines these days to make type as they go along. For if we had to depend on the old-fashioned font, certainly the supply of V's would run out, what with the Evvias and the Victory Loan items.

Useful Unto the End I'd like to ride, And ride today, Along the placid Milky Way.

I'd like to go Somewhere this spring Where I could hear the Weikin Ring.

I'd like to sail, They say "He great," Upon the famous Ship of State.

And if I saved that Ship from loss, Then I could get the Double Cross.

If, after that, Great Doomsday crack, I'll nail it up with Income Tax.

ANDYAL KING.

Another Crisis

Another crisis in Paris, says Ned Muschamp, seems to be indicated by the following which he pulls from a leather trade journal:

GOAT SKINS: Stocks are limited and arrivals are quickly disposed of.

Dr. Maurice Egatu, that delightful diplomat who recently returned from ministering to Denmark, says that the Department of State instructs our ambassadors abroad to observe Mother's Day by displaying the flag from sunrise to sunset, and he adds that one of his most perplexing tasks was trying to explain to inquiring foreigners what Mother's Day is.

But it seems to us that there are other national festivals of ours that might be even harder to elucidate, such as Grand Hog Day, or Straw Hat Day, or Handkerchief Day, this being August 15, when the hay fever season opens.

SOCRATES.

Ballade of Lack of Time

THERE is a store of little scraps of things laid in dim, cobwebbed aisles within my head—

A dusty pile of half-rememberings, The doubtless and the silks of books I've read;

Most precious goods well wrought by men long dead, Or fellows who still struggle with life's skin,

Though all should be ranged neatly there, instead A dusty treasure-chest lies in my brain.

Here is a jeweled token Homer brings, And there a ruby phrase of Wilde glows red;

In the far corner, glints of seabird's wings, Which Conrad garnered as a slim craft sped;

A bright, keen diamond word which Johnson said, Sweet, perfumed tapestries from Old Montaigne;

The cloths are faded and the genus lack thread; A dusty treasure-chest lies in my brain.

There are the silver sounds of silver strings, Which Swinburne's ringing touch to music led;

Three glimmer Dunbar's heavy signet rings; The thoughts which flamed through Henley's hours of dread;

The great ideals for which men lived and bled, Old pieces of great joy and bitter pain,

Mixed with the cheer upon which smiles are fed— A dusty treasure-chest lies in my brain.

LENOVO THESE things are in disorder spread;

But some day I will sort them out again; Meanwhile, as I have got to earn my bread, A dusty treasure-chest lies in my brain.

Cuthbert Collins, in the Sydney Bulletin.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. What is an anticyclone? 2. What is the meaning of the musical term "legato"? 3. In what part of Italy is the city of Turin? 4. Where was the Empress Josephine born? 5. In what year did Rome become the capital of united Italy? 6. What is the origin of the word maulander? 7. What is the significance of single quotation marks in printed or written conversation? 8. What is a peristyle? 9. What is an atoll? 10. What is the origin of the phrase "primes and primes"?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. Brockdorff-Rantzau is to head the six principal German delegates who will go to Versailles. 2. Jean Francois Millet painted "The Angelus." 3. Frederic Courland Penfield was American ambassador to Austria-Hungary before the rupture of diplomatic relations. 4. The Arabs belong to the Semitic branch of the white race. 5. A berouose or burouose is a cloak-like hooded garment worn in one piece and worn by Arabs and Moors, largely as a sun protection. 6. Molokai is the Hawaiian island set aside for lepers under government treatment and supervision. 7. The Bible is translated from Greek and Hebrew. 8. Legume: fruit, edible part, pod of leguminous plant; vegetable used for food. 9. A canon in music is a piece with different parts taking up the same subject successively in strict imitation. 10. James Buchanan was the only President of the United States who was a bachelor throughout his full term of office.